

have been removed from the prison of Clonmel to the prison of Tullamore. It seems to be an indispensable part of the Government's torture-programme that every political prisoner worth the gaoling must get a turn through Tullamore. Otherwise the policy of shifting prisoners about from one basille to another appears to be wholly unintelligible. Tullamore has proved itself to be most effectual in lessening the number of Mr. Balfour's antagonists. Mr. Kelly and his companion are keeping up well as regards health, but are losing as regards flesh. But their spirits are high and defiant as ever. Mr. Kelly accepts no concessions and holds no parley with those who come to offer them, but simply intimates that their presence is not congenial to him. He bears his confinement in the most cheerful and uncomplaining spirit, and wins the admiration of every one who visits him by his philosophic good-humour and unostentatious dignity.

The Archbishop of Cashel having invited Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon to spend a few days with him in Thurles, prior to their departure for America, the party travelled down to Thurles on Monday September 7 and were the object of a great ovation, both there and at Templemore. The town commissioners of the latter place were in waiting at the railway station, and presented a very warm address, to which Mr. Dillon replied at such length as the train arrangements permitted. At Thurles the throng of enthusiastic admirers was so great that it was with immense difficulty that the visitors were enabled to make their way out of the station. The Smith-Barry tenants were strongly in evidence, and in a brief address which Mr. O'Brien delivered at the station he declared that Mr. Smith-Barry was only in the beginning of his troubles, and that before the fight was over they would make his estates a Sahara desert. Mr. Dillon also delivered a short but soul-striking address.

A tempting bait is being held out to Ulster farmers by that eminent philanthropist, the Marquis of Clanricarde. He has caused an advertisement to appear in a Northern paper offering farms to let, without fines, on his estate about Portunna. Thirty of these farms are to be had. They are at present lying derelict. From all of these tenants have been evicted, one of them being the secretary of the National League in the locality. The *Daily Express* is noticing this last desperate effort of defeated landlordism, says that the Plan of Campaign has broken down on the Clanricarde estate. Heaven help the readers who depend upon that enterprisingly inventive journal for enlightenment upon matters of current history? Neither Lord Clanricarde nor Mr. Tener will endorse its bold statement. If the Plan had suffered a defeat, why go down to Ulster beating up for tenants, or bribe them with the offer of free farms? The tale is hardly fit for the rawest marine on board the British fleet.

Patrick Hallinan, a Claret herdsman, who a few days ago was shot in the legs while herding an evicted farm, is, the *Evening Mail* says, "the latest victim of the law of the League." This statement is a deliberate lie, and the writer of it knows it to be a lie. Whoever perpetrated the outrage is an enemy of the League and a friend of the *Mail* and the landlords. The whole world knows that outrages are got up in Clare by agents of the Government. It is the county of Sergeant O'Halloran, of ten-pound-note renown, of the operations of Sergeant Wholehan and the informer Cullinan; and we are perfectly entitled to assume that Government money is at the bottom of every outrage which disgraces the county. There appears to be not the smallest shred of respect for truth or decency left in the people who pen those abominable falsehoods. They are a disgrace to journalism, and without parallel in any other country calling itself Christian and civilised.

It is satisfactory to note the rapid and constant progress of New Tipperary. The people of the old town are, many of them, eager for eviction, which will qualify them for residences in the new town, to which their business and customers have departed. Mr. Smith-Barry, on the other hand, has got a bit tired of the game of brag, and has been somewhat more sparing of his eviction decrees of late. The result is that some of the shopkeepers have felt compelled to forestall him of service of notices of surrender. The outer trade, which was always the mainstay of Tipperary, has increased enormously in the new mart in spite of the terror of Mr. Smith-Barry's application to the Vice-Chancellor that he will be kind enough to have the vast mart pulled down and the hill put back on its site. The Tipperary men apparently do not believe in the omnipotence of the Vice-Chancellor.

Lord Hartington has told us that the House of Lords can be trusted to throw out a Home Rule Bill, no matter how big a majority it may be passed by in the Commons. We are inclined to think Lord Hartington is right. Amongst the brother peers on whom he can count with confidence in this majority of our ancient nobility for many reasons the Duke of Manchester must be included. The Duke of Manchester has been studying the Irish question to equip himself for the satisfactory discharge of his important legislative duty. We gather from the sporting newspapers that his Grace the other day condescended to officiate as time-keeper in the boxing ring in Dublin where two professional "bruisers" (English and Irish champion) for several rounds "landed heavily on each other's pimples," "tapped each other's claret," "banged each other's kissing-traps," "rattled each other's ivoories," "punched each other's bread-baskets," and "banged up each other's pees" in the most approved style of art, to the great delight of the officiating Duke. At length the English champion was battered into a semi-unconscious condition, and was unable to "come up smiling," thus vividly illustrating to the ducal time-keeper the danger to the British Constitution of allowing Irishmen the unflinching management of their own affairs.

The release of Mr. Griffen of Ballinadee, county Cork, recalls to public attention the outrageous sentence inflicted on him by the Removables just five months before. He was sent to prison for five months with hard labour for exhibiting in his window one of our caroons, which everyone that cared could see posted on the board in front of our office in Dublin, which decorated the windows of every stationer's shop in Dublin, and of which only our modesty forbids us to say how many tens of thousands of copies were despatched on that

particular week, as well as every other week, not merely through every part of Ireland, but through every part of the English-speaking globe. Such savageries as that to which Mr. Griffen was subjected in the outraged name of law and order have at least this circumstance to recommend them, when stoutly denied by coercionists they are incredible in England.

Kilkenny speaks out bravely on behalf of the unfortunate Irish political convicts, whose tortures in English gaols was the subject of such a stirring debate in Parliament before it rose, and whose case the Home Secretary pledged himself to consider during the recess, — the view to mitigate their punishment and hasten their release. — The great meeting held at Kilkeony expressed its gratitude to the Irish members for their unstained efforts on behalf of those most unfortunate and miserable men, and its confidence that those efforts would rather increase than diminish in the future. In this confidence they may be sure they will not be deceived. It is possible that no further pressure will be needed, that a sense of justice and humanity will induce Mr. Mathews to make a favourable announcement when Parliament reassembles. But if pressure is needed it will be applied. That at least is certain.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde wants tenants from the North, in room of the evicted in the neighbourhood of Portunna. The advertisement to that effect actually appears in the *Ulster Gazette*, and is backed up by a leader—"Respectable and solvent tenants" are required. "No fine," the advertisement announces, with delicious irony, "will be demanded." "Fine," indeed, that is a little too good. The question is what premium is to be offered? The reward on the Coolgreany estate for accepting a derelict holding ranged as high as £400, the very least was £100 out of T. W. Russell's "derelict" fund. The tenants then secured were paupers and convicts, the very dregs of society, not forgetting the notorious emergency blackguard, Freeman, who led the murderous raid in which poor Kinella lost his life, and whom his own employer bound over to keep the peace a month before. If unfortunate Mr. Brooke had to pay £400 a piece for disreputable paupers for his evicted holdings in Coolgreany, what will the Marquis of Clanricarde have to pay for respectable and solvent tenants at Woodford and Portunna? It is a sum in compound proportion which we commend to the attention of the staff of dilapidated ragamuffins who keep the books and conduct the general business, legal and otherwise, of the Marquis with such brilliant ability and distinguished success.

The Cashel "suppressed" Branch of the National League at their last meeting furnished one more proof of the ludicrous impotence of Mr. Balfour's proclamations. The report contains the following matter-of-fact paragraph—"The case of John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, was again before the meeting, and his apology was read. The proposal that he be again admitted into the ranks with the rest of the country was unanimously adopted." Here is an opportunity of testing Mr. Balfour's boasts that reports of "suppressed" branch meetings are bogus reports. Did John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, write an apology? If so, what on earth induced him to humiliate himself in deference to a branch which Mr. Balfour assures him has no existence? And if coercion in Tipperary is not the most comical of failures, as well as the most loathsome of impotent tyrannies, why did not John Corcoran, hotel-keeper trust to Mr. Balfour, with all his bayonets and Removables, rather than throw himself on the mercy of a body which, he has Mr. Balfour's word for it, is a mere figment of imagination? We rather think that John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, was wise in his generation in attaching more importance to the weapons of public opinion wielded by the "suppressed branch" than to Mr. Balfour's forty thousand bayonets, and we are glad that he found the Cashel Branch as merciful in its spirit of forgiveness as he had found it redoubtable in its dealings with the people's enemies.

The Government's newest Plan of Campaign seems to be to fall back upon our old friend, the Bankruptcy-Court. Mr. Balfour has given up in despair the plan of prosecuting and torturing members of Parliament. To use the famous phrase of his at the banquet in the Antient Concert Rooms, that "injures the Government," with self-heated British constituencies. Accordingly the brave Mr. Balfour and his brave uncle have hit upon a new method of getting rid of Mr. William O'Brien. On Wednesday a clerk of Messrs Hayes and Son, solicitors, of Nassau-street, Dublin, invaded the railway carriage in which he and his wife were returning from Thurles with Mr. John Dillon, and served him with a Bankruptcy notice and a highwayman's demand for £1,600 costs of the Marquis of Salisbury in the action in which he got a verdict by swallowing his words and sneaking out of his labels. The previous day Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien had made speeches to the Smith-Barry tenantry under the open sky for which twelve months ago they would have been infailibly prosecuted and their hearers bludgeoned. It is no longer good policy to attract English attention to such things, and so the Tipperary speeches are allowed to pass uninterrupted, and the Marquis falls back upon a skulking proceeding in Bankruptcy, by way of avenging his nephew's impotence as against the Smith-Barry combination, and no doubt also by way of entrapping Mr. O'Brien into prison for contempt or otherwise preventing him from proceeding upon his approaching mission to America. What a brave and chivalrous Government it is, to be sure, and how much more likely uncle and nephew are to cover themselves with glory by their bankruptcy campaign against Mr. O'Brien than by their encounters with him on other fields of fame!

Truly wonderful are the ways of Coercion. When John Dillon went the other day to New Tipperary he was met by a squadron of batonmen, under the supreme command of Removable Cad, and was threatened that if a meeting was attempted to be held it would be dispersed with violence. What that threat meant we can form a pretty accurate notion from the savageries perpetrated on a previous occasion in the town. But Mr. Dillon had no intention or desire to hold a meeting. So Removable Cad and his bludgeonmen did not get the chance they were thirsting for of testing the toughness of their batons on the heads of the unarmed people. A few days later Mr. Dillon did address a great meeting at Thurles without the authorities even attempting to interfere. As he remarked to his audience, it was the same men he addressed on the same prohibited topics—the same soil of glorious Tipperary was beneath their feet.